

No.
17

BLACK HOOD

AN
Archie
MAGAZINE

WINTER

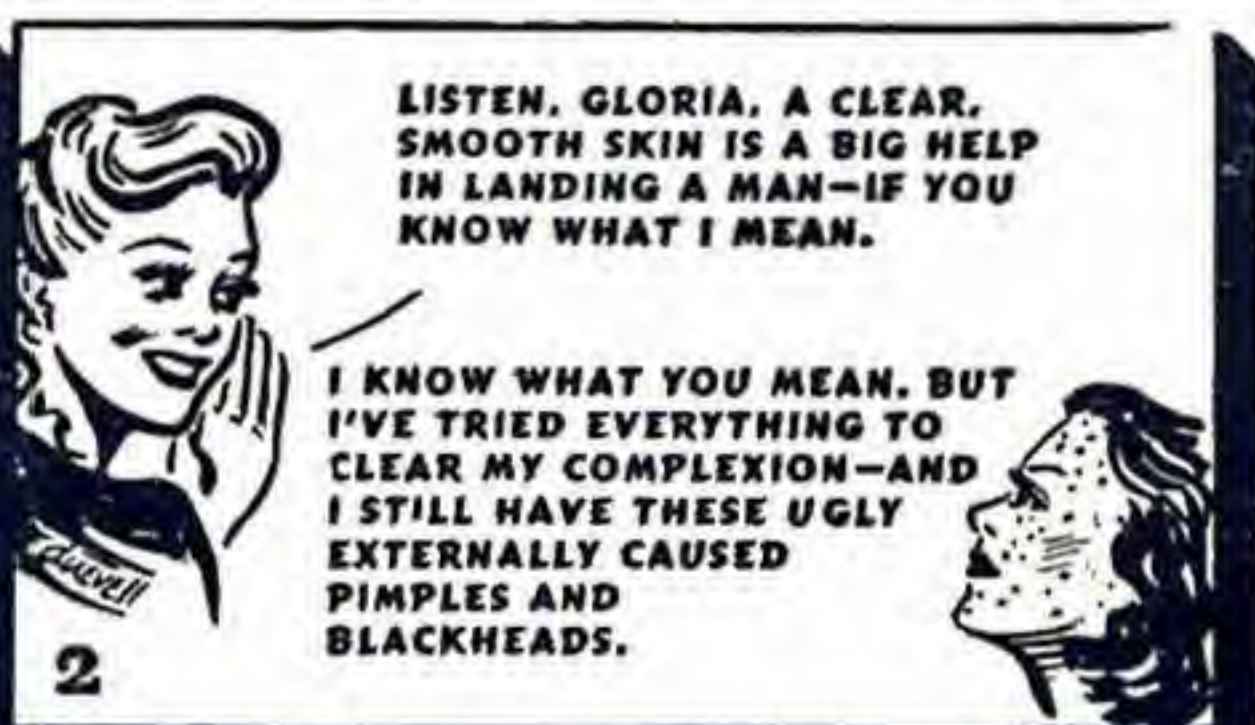
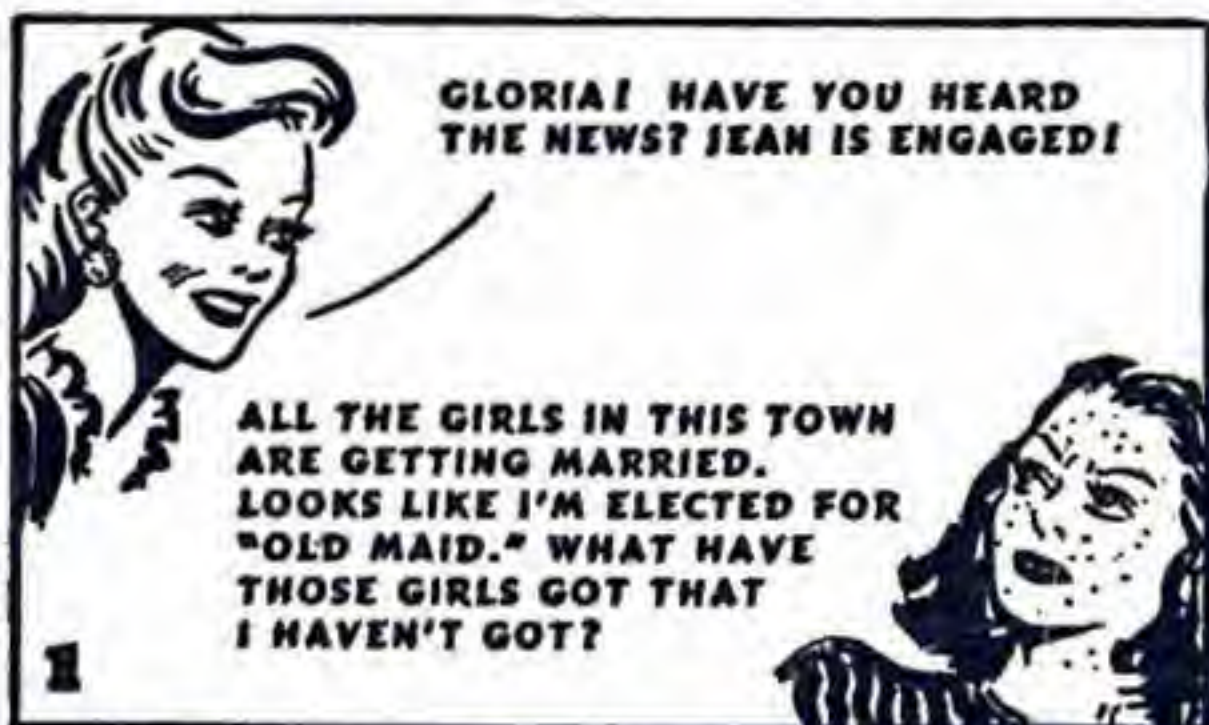
comics

10¢



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HOW GLORIA BECAME A BRIDE



**MUST HELP
YOUR SKIN...
OR YOUR MONEY BACK!**

HOW YOU MAY HAVE A "HOLLYWOOD" COMPLEXION

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Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Phantom Black Hood

MAN
OF
MYSTERY



IN
SWEET DREAMS
OF
DEATH!

OUR STORY BEGINS WITH A DAY-DREAMING BOY,
AND AN ANGRY FATHER

ALONZO, WHY AREN'T YOU IN SCHOOL
WITH THE OTHER BOYS?



I WAS HAVING THE
MOST WONDERFUL
DREAM, FATHER! I
STOOD ON A SNOW-
COVERED MOUN-
TAIN, AND.....

DREAMS, DREAMS! THAT'S
ALL YOU EVER DO...IS
DREAM!



MAYBE A GOOD WHIPPING'LL
BRING YOU BACK
TO EARTH!



I HATE HIM! I HATE EVERYBODY! MY
ONLY FRIENDS ARE DREAMS! NOBODY
CAN EVER STOP ME FROM
DREAMING-I'LL SHOW
THEM!



AND AS THE YEARS WENT ON, ALONZO CONTIN-
UED TO DREAM-ALWAYS LIVING IN A WORLD
OF FANCY!

ALONZO-ALONZO
BATES!



I ASKED YOU A
QUESTION! WHY
DIDN'T YOU
ANSWER?

I-I'M SORRY, PROFESSOR!
I GUESS I DIDN'T
HEAR YOU!



NO, YOU MOST CERTAINLY
WEREN'T-YOU WERE DAY-
DREAMING AS USUAL! WHEN
YOU WAKE UP, YOU MAY BE
INTERESTED TO KNOW I'VE
FLUNKED YOU FOR THE
TERM!



BUT THERE WERE TIMES WHEN ALONZO'S
DREAMS WERE NOT SO PLEASANT!

NO, NO! THEY
CAN'T DO IT!



I WON'T LET THEM DO IT!
**I WON'T! HELP-
HELP!**

MR. BATES,
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?



OH-AH, NOTHING, HUMPHREY!
I WAS JUST HAVING A
NIGHTMARE-I'M ALL
RIGHT, NOW!

VERY WELL, SIR,
GOOD NIGHT!



UGH-IT WAS TERRIBLE! I'M HAVING TOO MANY
OF THESE NIGHTMARES LATELY, INSTEAD OF
MY BEAUTIFUL DREAMS! I MUST DO
SOMETHING ABOUT IT-I
MUST! IF I ONLY HAD
MONEY!



ALONZO BATES'
NEED FOR
MONEY WAS
SOON TO BE
SATISFIED---
SHORTLY
AFTER, HIS
FATHER DIED,
LEAVING HIM
HIS MILLIONS!
THEN HE DID
A STRANGE
THING!
**A
FANTASTIC
THING!**



BUILD A PALACE OF DREAMS?
BUT, MR. BATES, I'M SURE YOUR
FATHER WOULD HAVE WANTED
YOU TO DO SOMETHING---
MORE--AH--PRACTICAL!



SO, DESPITE HIS LAWYER'S FRANTIC COUNSEL, ALONZO SQUANDERED HIS HUGE FORTUNE AND BUILT HIS PALACE OF DREAMS!

I SHALL CALL THIS MY ALPINE ROOM!
HOW PLEASANT-HOW RESTFUL
IT IS!

MR. BATES, THIS IS
TERRIBLE!!

TERRIBLE? WHAT'S
TERRIBLE?

YOUR BUSINESS IS
BANKRUPT! YOU'LL
HAVE TO SELL THIS
PLACE TO MEET
YOUR DEBTS!

WHAT, SELL MY
DREAM PALACE?
NEVER! NEVER!

WHAT CAN I DO? HOW CAN
I RAISE THE MONEY TO
KEEP THEM FROM
TAKING MY PALACE?

WHAT'S
THAT?

YOU! WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING
HERE?

I DUCKED IN HERE! THE
COPS ARE CHASING ME-
HIDE ME, MISTER! I'LL
MAKE IT WORTH
YOUR WHILE!

CRASH!



YOU MAY TELL YOUR--AH--
ASSOCIATES, MY PALACE
WILL BE OPEN TO THEM, IN
AN **EMERGENCY!** FOR
A PRICE, OF
COURSE!

SAY, THAT'S SWELL--
THIS JOINT'LL MAKE
A PERFECT
HIDE-OUT!

IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, HEADLINES SUCH AS
THESE BECOME VERY FAMILIAR!



AND NOW, MY RENT,
PLEASE--\$20,000!!

TWENTY GS? WHAT KINDA
SUCKER DO YA TAKE ME
FOR? I BEEN PAYIN'
YA TEN, ALL
ALONG!

VERY WELL! IT
SEEMS I MUST
EVICT YOU,
THEN!

CHEE! THE
DREAMER
KILLED THE
BOSS!

ANYONE ELSE WISH
TO PROTEST?

NO, MR. DREAMER,
WE'LL GIVE YA
ANYTHING
YA SAY!

GOOD! AND MY FEE IS
NOW ONE HUNDRED THOU-
SAND DOLLARS, DUE TO
THE DISTURBANCE!

IN THE OFFICE OF THE POLICE COMMISSIONER...

FIVE MAJOR ROBBERIES!
ALL I GET ARE REPORTS
THAT THE CROOKS
HAVE VANISHED-I
WON'T STAND
FOR IT!

BUT, COMMISSIONER,
WE'VE SEARCHED
ALL THE REGULAR
HIDE-OUTS!



AND WHEN MCGINTY GETS BACK TO HEADQUARTERS...

FIVE MAJOR ROBBERIES!
AND ALL I GET ARE
REPORTS THE CROOKS
HAVE VANISHED! I WON'T
STAND FOR IT,
BURLAND!

HM? SOMETHING
TELLS ME I'M
THE GOAT!



THE CROOKS HAVE GOT A
NEW HIDE-OUT, SARGE!
SOME PLACE WE'D
NEVER THINK OF
LOOKING!

VERY HELPFUL! BUT
IF YE DON'T START
THINKIN' PRETTY
SOON, WE'LL BE
OUT OF A JOB,
DAGNABBIT!



LATER, AS KIP PATROLS HIS BEAT---

WHAT'S THAT? AN
ALARM'S BEEN
SET OFF!



AND UNLESS I MISS MY
GUESS, IT'S THE
JEWELRY
STORE!



DAT WAS AN
EASY HAUL,
WAXIE!

YEAH! LET'S GET MOVIN'
BEFORE DAT ALARM
BRINGS DE
COPS!





HELLO, SARGE! BURLAND-
REPORTING ANOTHER HOLDUP!
YEAH, THEY GOT
AWAY!

THEY GOT AWAY FROM KIP
BURLAND, BUT MAYBE NOT-
THE BLACK
HOOD!



LATER--

WHAT'S THAT? YOU WISH TO
SEARCH MY PREMISES?
VERY WELL! WHERE'S
YOUR WARRANT?

RIGHT
HERE IN MY
TWO FISTS!

HUMPH-YOU DON'T
FRIGHTEN ME, HOOD!
BUT SINCE I'VE NOTHING
TO HIDE, I HAVE NO
OBJECTIONS TO
YOUR LOOKING!

THAT'S BETTER!
NOW SHOW ME YOUR
'ROMAN ARENA'
ROOM!



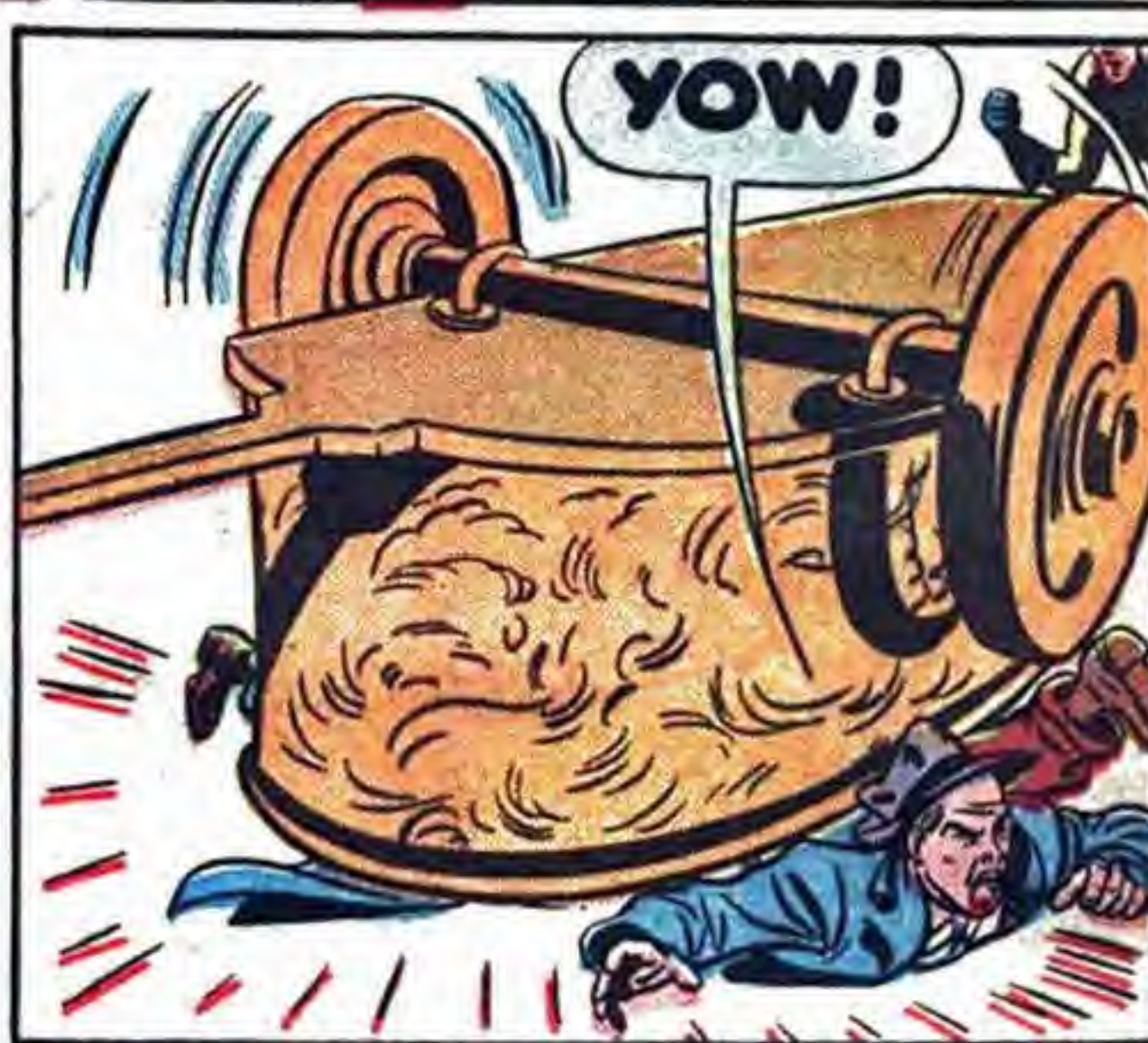
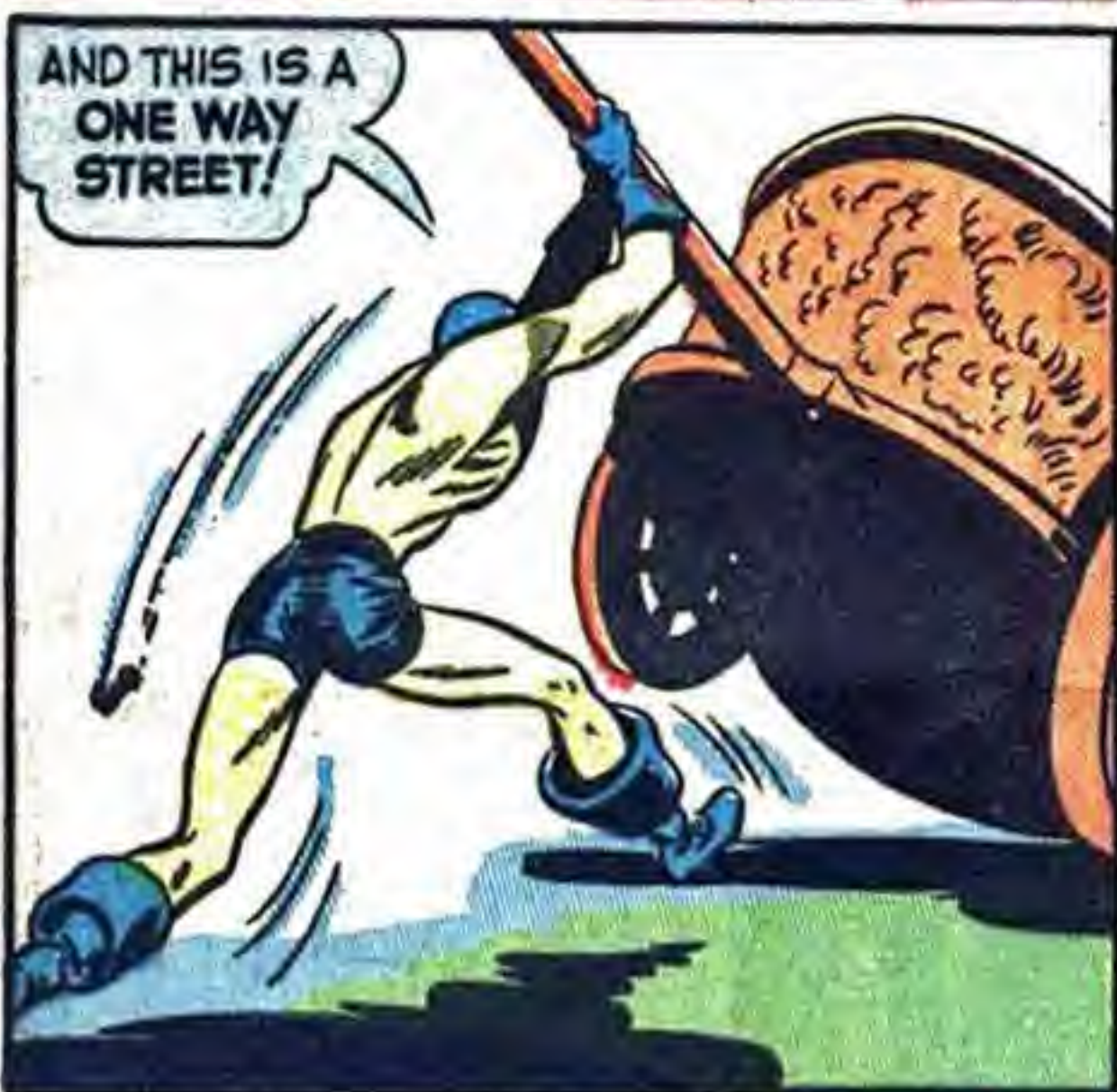
HERE IT IS! BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T
IT? I SLEEP HERE WHENEVER
I WISH TO DREAM OF
THE ANCIENT
ROMANS!

WHAT'S IN THAT
CHARIOT?



HE'S WISE TO
US, WAXIE!!





STAND ASIDE, DREAMER!
I'LL COOK HIS
GOOSE!

NO, WAXIE, THAT
WOULD BE MUCH
TOO CRUDE!

MANY'S THE TIME I DREAMED I WAS THE
EMPEROR NERO! NOW I SHALL MAKE
THAT DREAM COME TRUE! THE
HOOD MUST DIE IN A
FITTING
MANNER!

SAY, DIS IS OKAY! HE
HASN'T GOT A CHANCE!
WE'LL CHOP HIM IN
RIBBONS WIT' DESE
SPIKED KNUCKLES!

HOLY COW! HE'S
WEARING A CESTUS-
LIKE THE ROMAN
GLADIATORS
DID!

COME AND
GET IT,
HOOD!

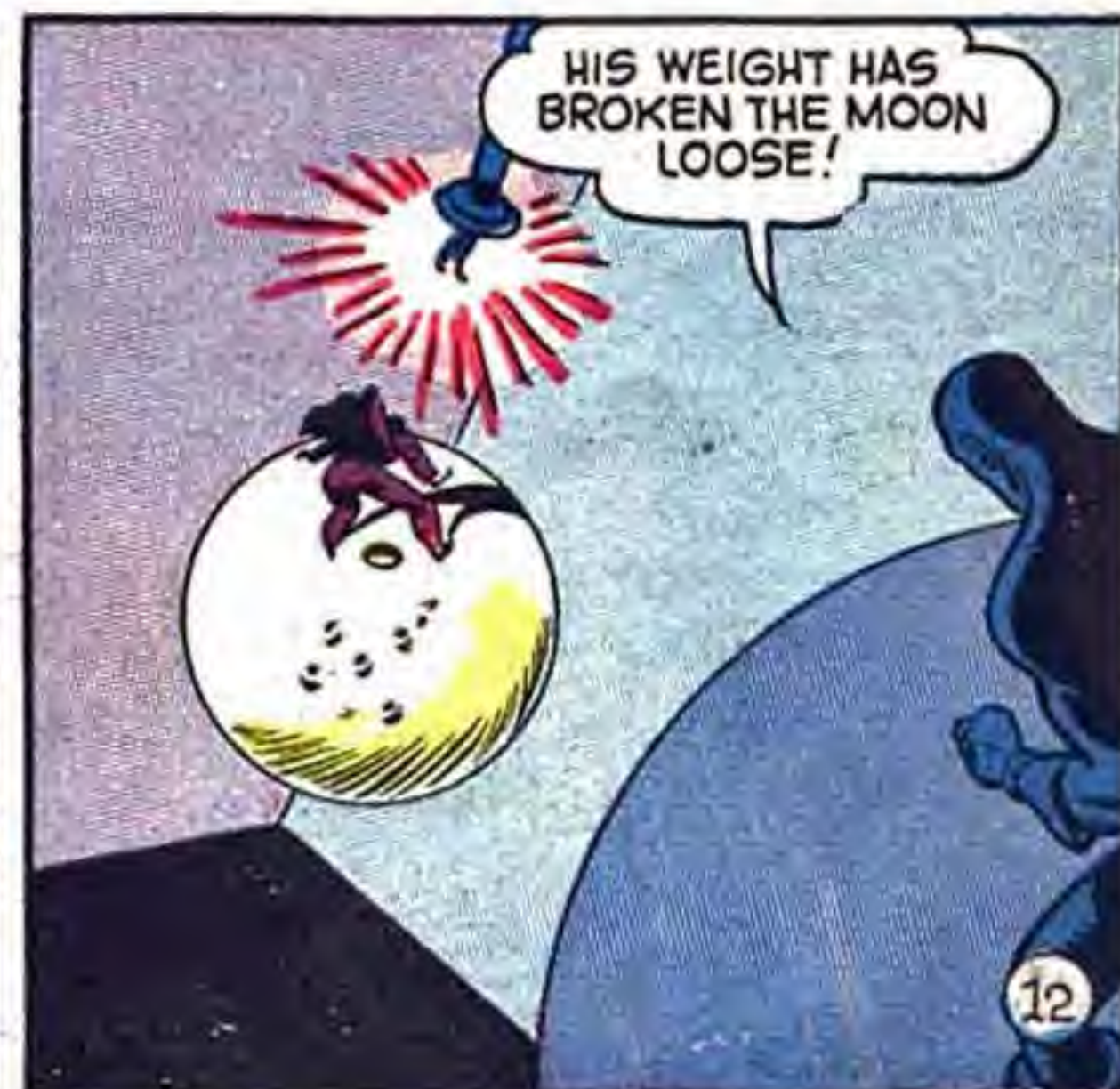
THIS IS LIKE DANIEL
IN THE LION'S DEN-ONLY
THIS TIME IT'S
RATS!

COME, COME, SOME ACTION!
I EXPECTED MORE FROM
ONE WITH YOUR
REPUTATION,
HOOD!

ALL RIGHT! IF
IT'S ACTION YOU
WANT---

YEEOW!

OOOF!





THE LIGHTS? THEY'VE GONE OUT! I'M AFRAID OF THE DARK!



THIS IS ALL A NIGHTMARE! THERE CAN'T BE SUCH THINGS IN MY DREAM HOUSE-THERE MUSTN'T BE!



SHADOWS EVERYWHERE I TURN! THE DARKNESS-IT'S CLOSING IN ON ME!



DEAD! DIED OF SHEER FRIGHT!



DREAMS WERE MORE REAL TO HIM THAN LIFE! IT IS FITTING, I GUESS, THAT THE DREAMER SHOULD HAVE BEEN KILLED BY A DREAM!



ANY DUMB DOPE SHOULD'VE GUESSED THAT THAT DREAM PALACE WAS THE HIDEOUT! BURLAND-ARE YOU LISTENIN', DAGNABBIT?



SORRY, SARGE, I GUESS I WAS DAY-DREAMING!

GLOOMY GUS

THE HOMELESS GHOST
AND HIS ANGELIC SIDE KICK
GABBY

by
"RED"
HOLMDALE

R.I.P.

HERE LIES GUS! FOR WHOM
WE PINE.. HE KICKED THE
BUCKET BEFORE HIS TIME!

NOW HE ROAMS THIS WORLD
SO SAD AND GLOOMY...
SEEKING A BODY THAT'S
STRONG AND
ROOMY!

HEY, GABBY! HAVE YOU SEEN
ST. PETE AROUND? I'VE BEEN
LOOKING ALL OVER!

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? HE TOOK OFF LAST
NIGHT FOR A WEEKEND
VACATION!



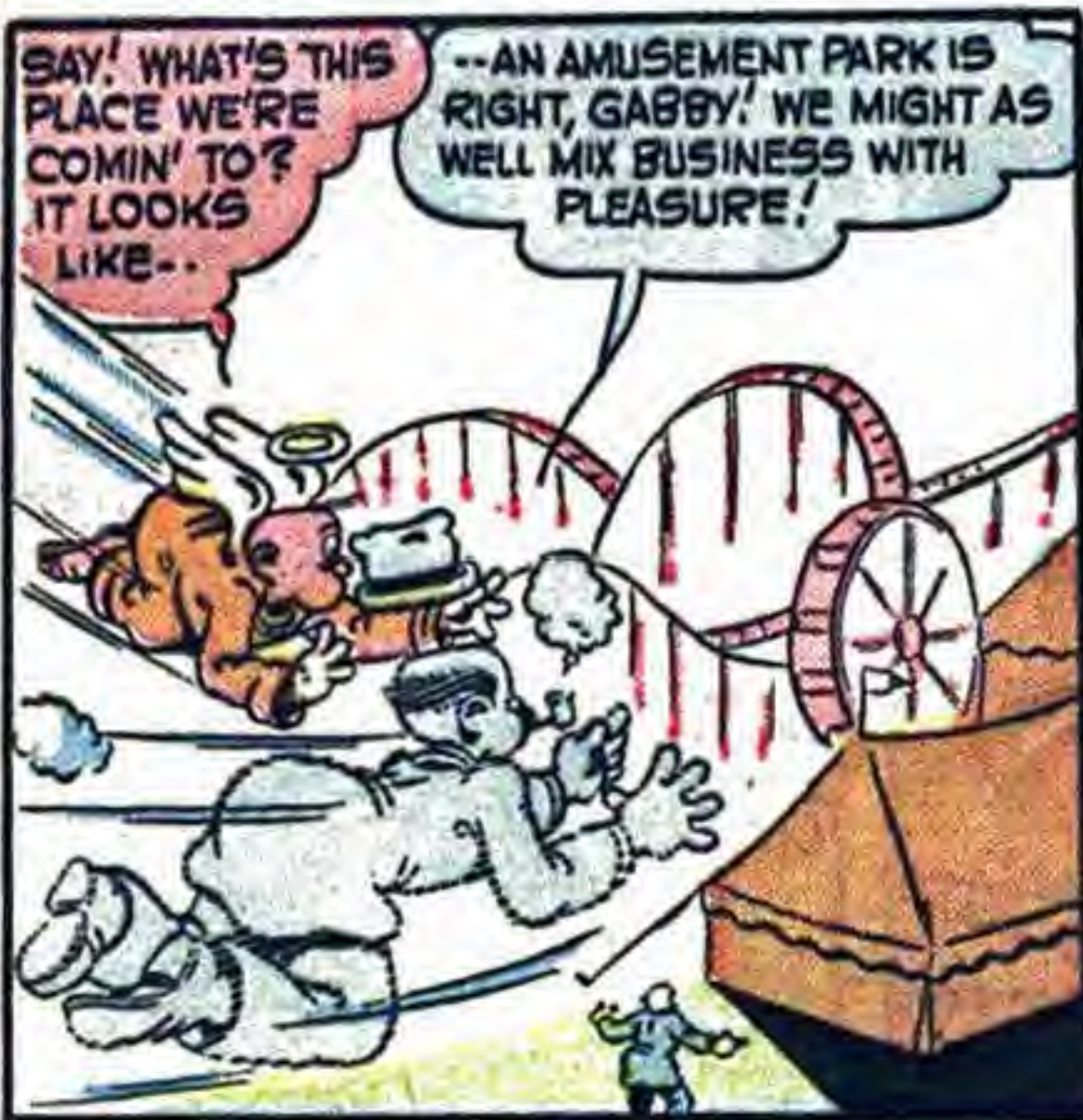
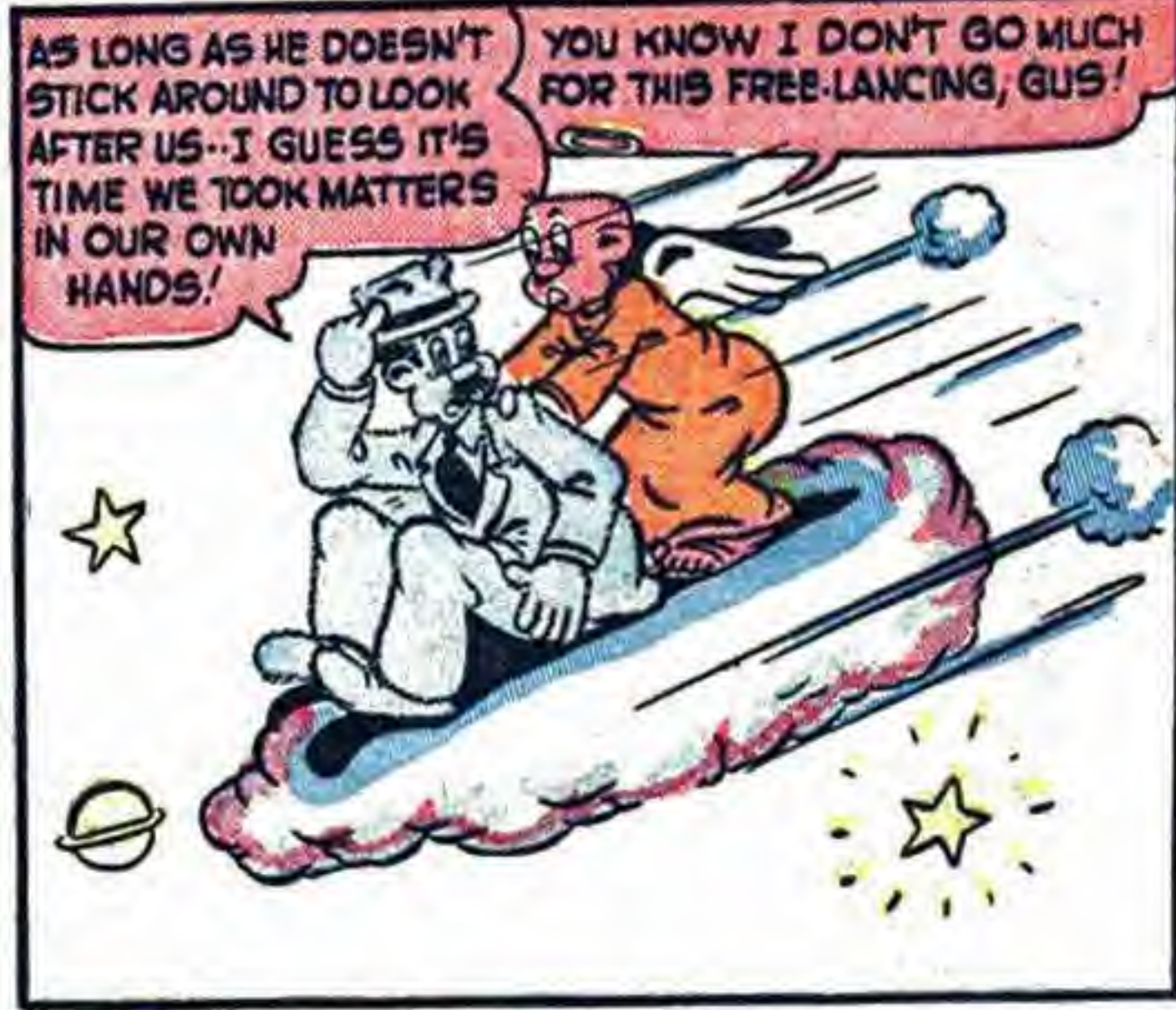
I SUPPOSE HE EXPECTS US
TO SIT WAITING AROUND
HERE TILL HE GETS
BACK!

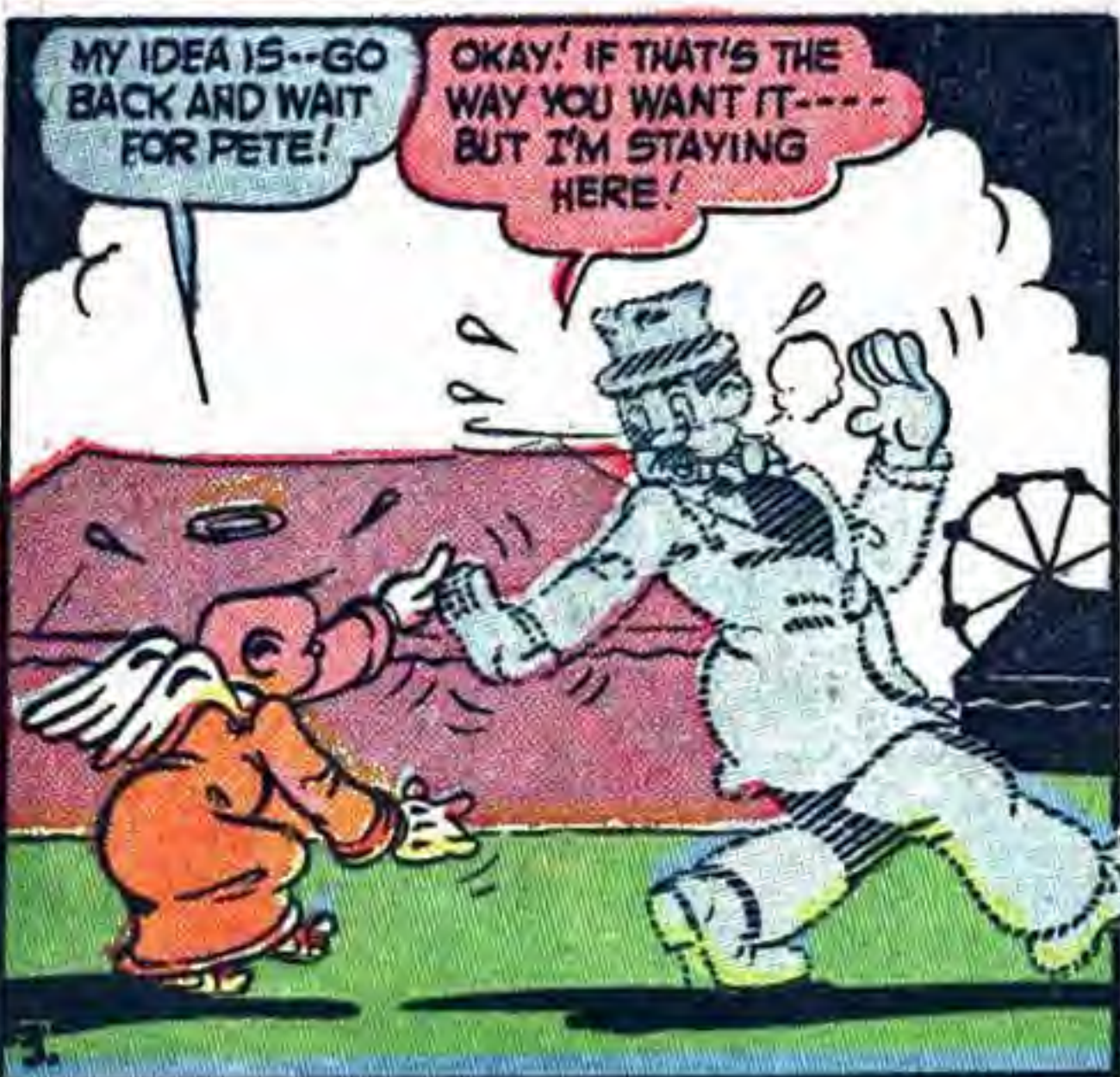
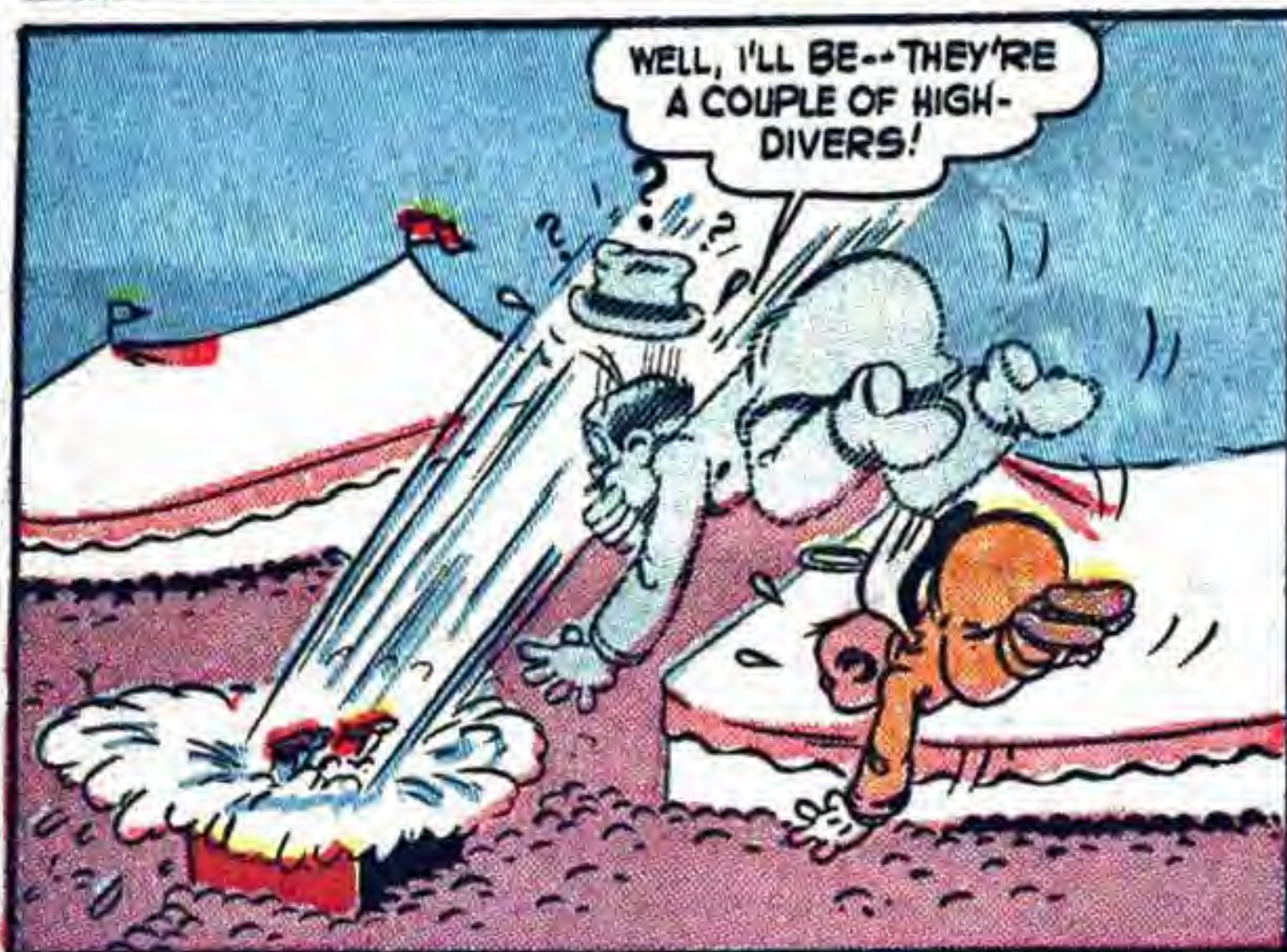
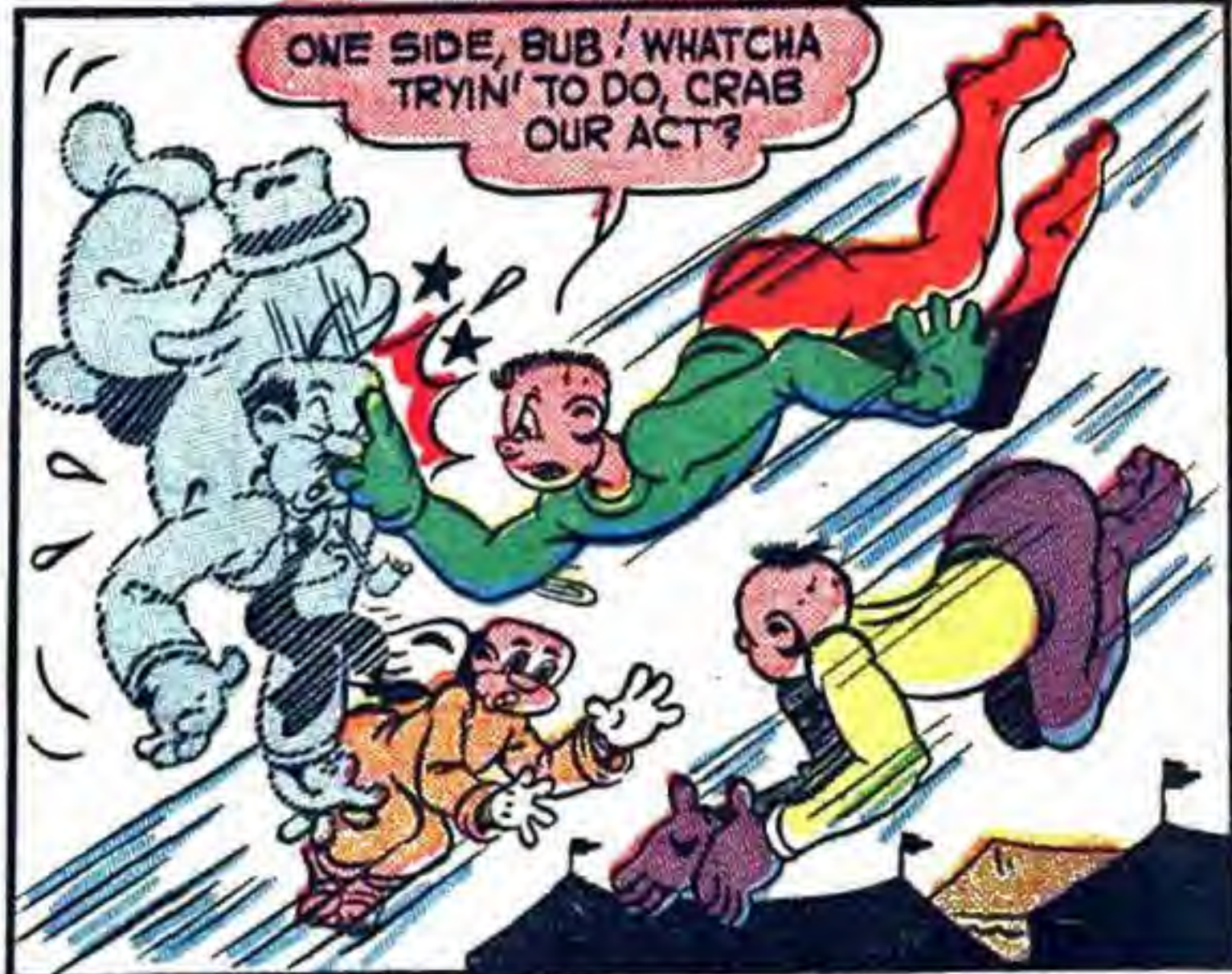
THAT'S THE
IDEA!

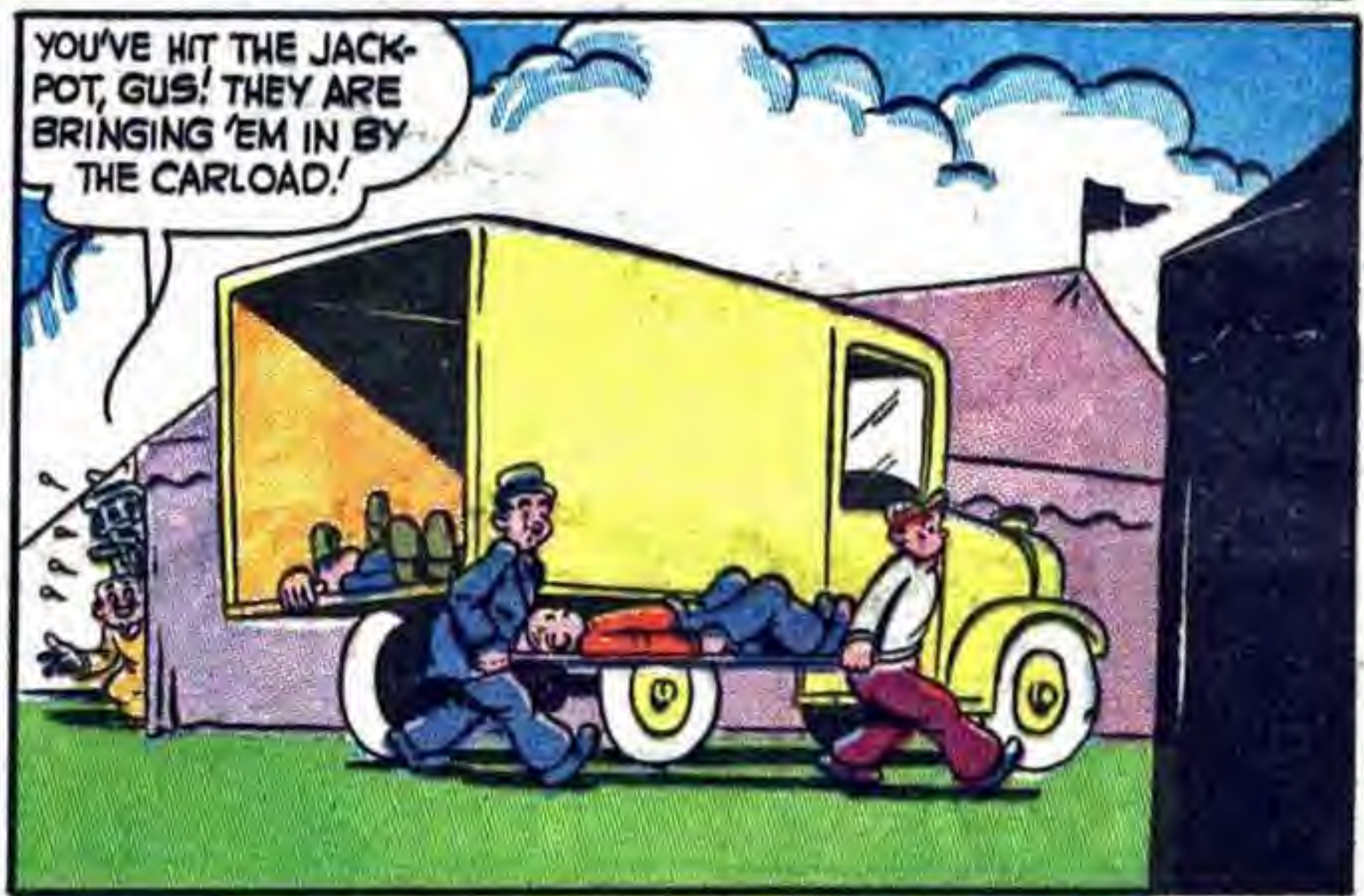
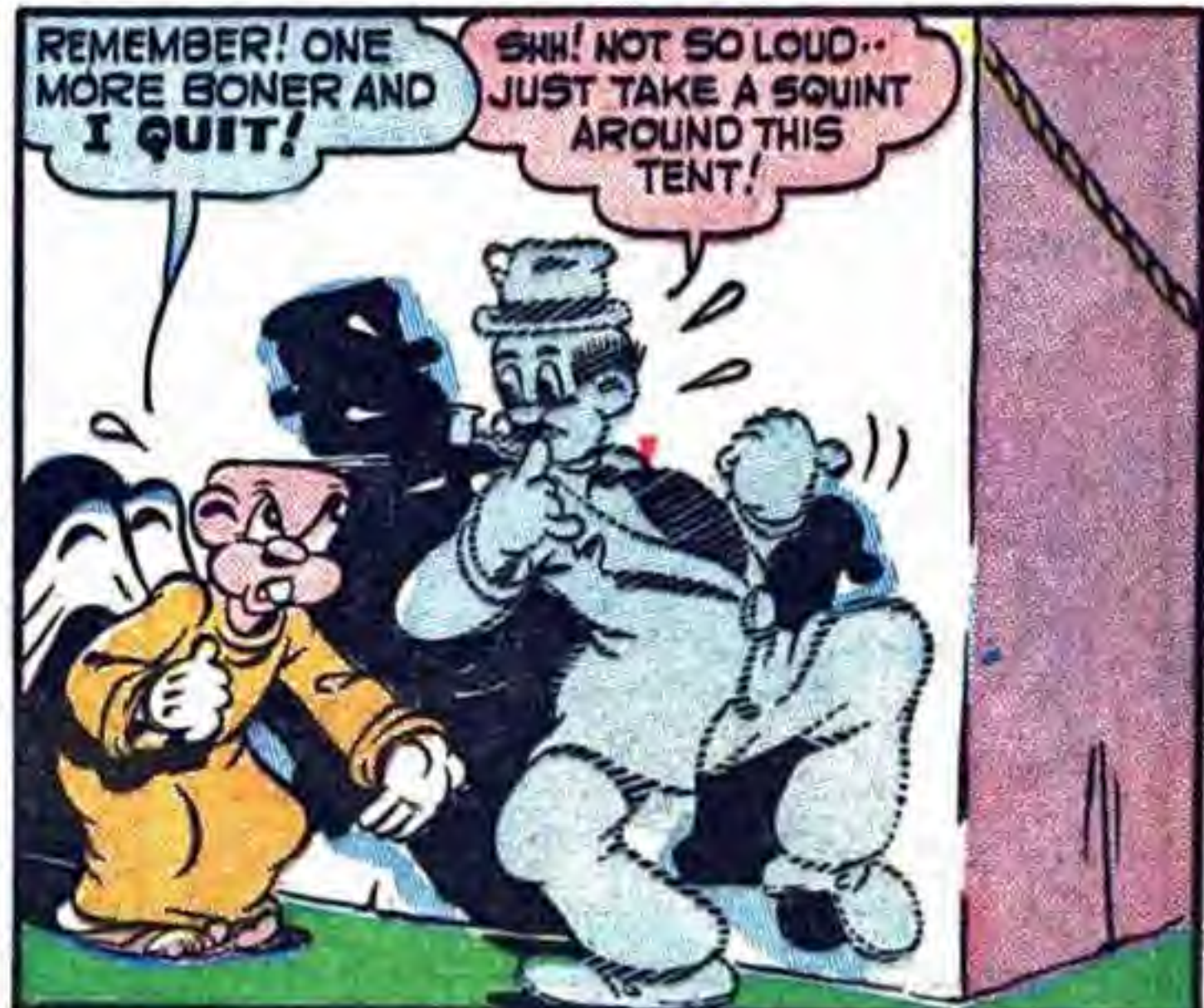
THAT GUY'LL BE THE DEATH OF
ME YET! HE GOES TO THE
DEVIL WITH HIMSELF AND EX-
PECTS HEAVEN TO GET ON THE
BEST IT CAN WHILE HE'S
GONE!

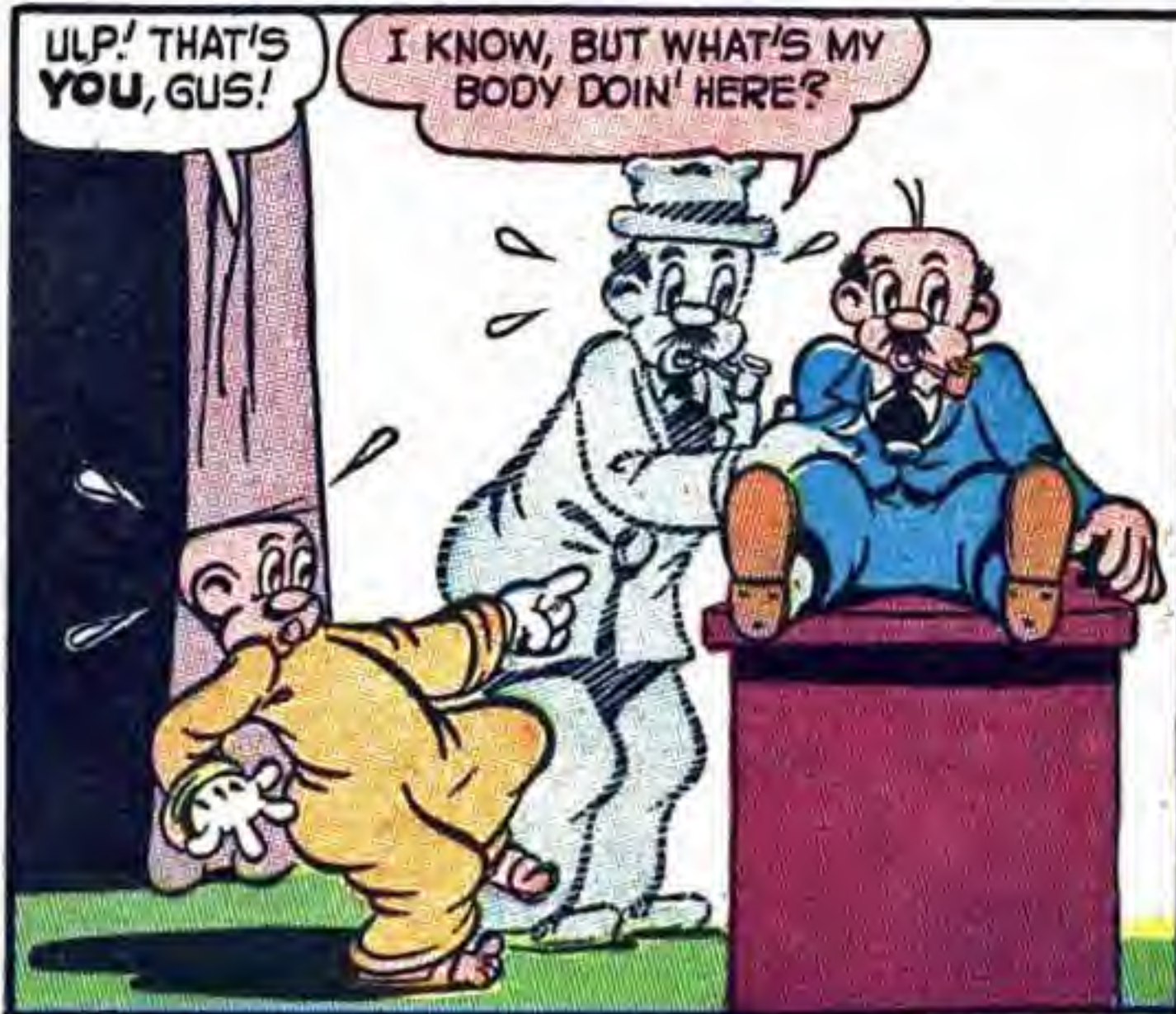
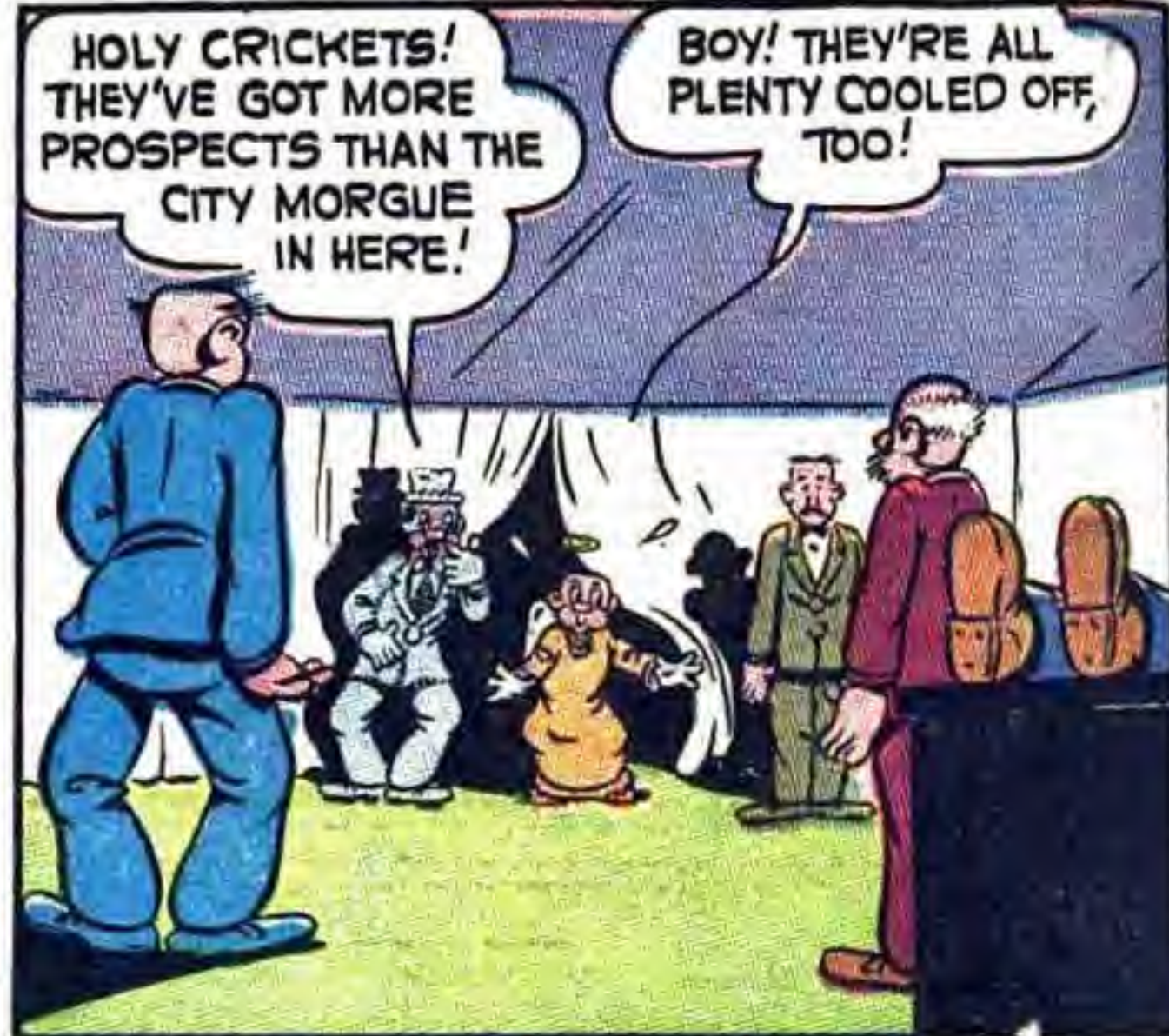
I'LL ADMIT WE OUGHT TO
GET DOWN TO EARTH
MORE OFTEN?

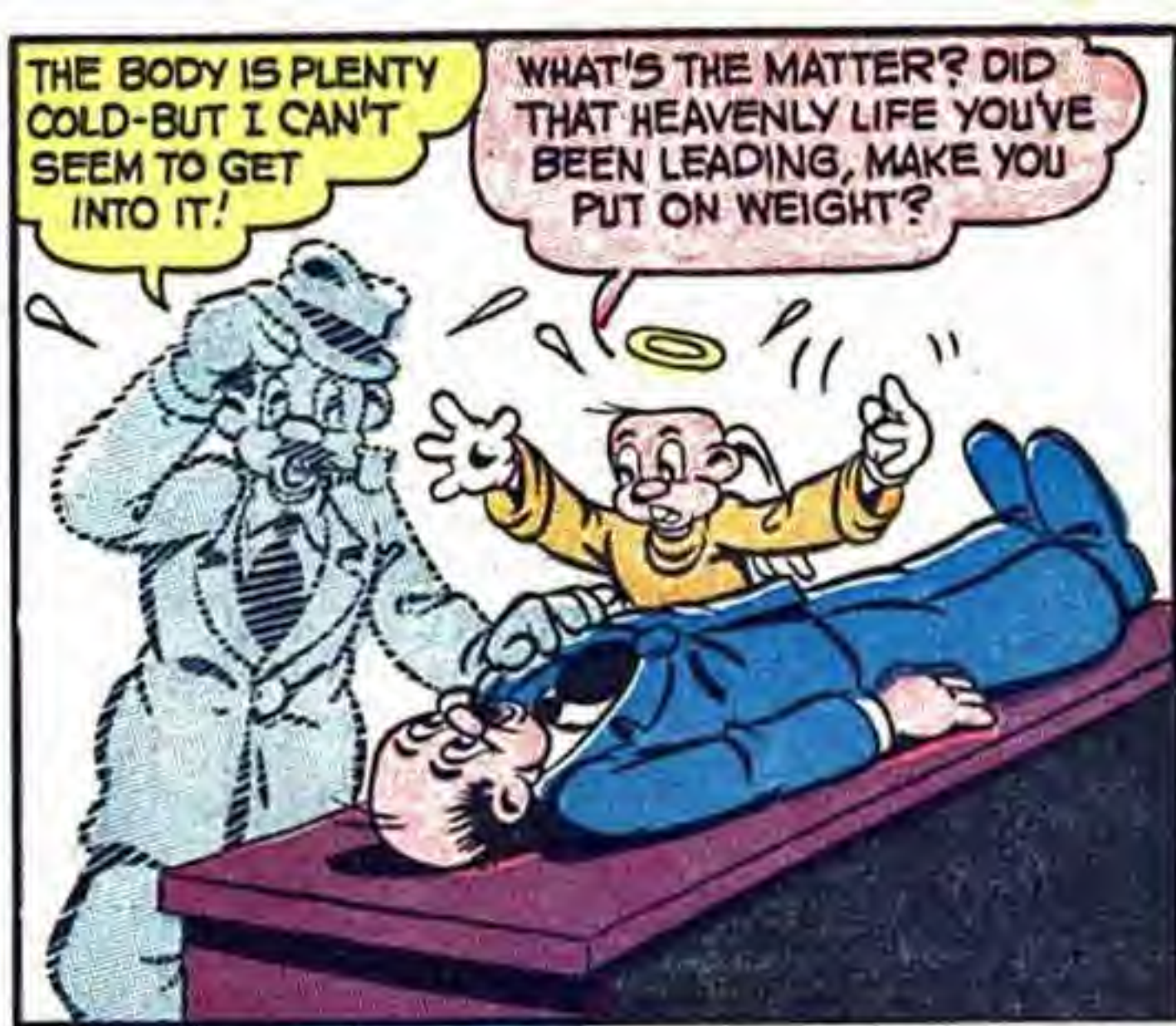




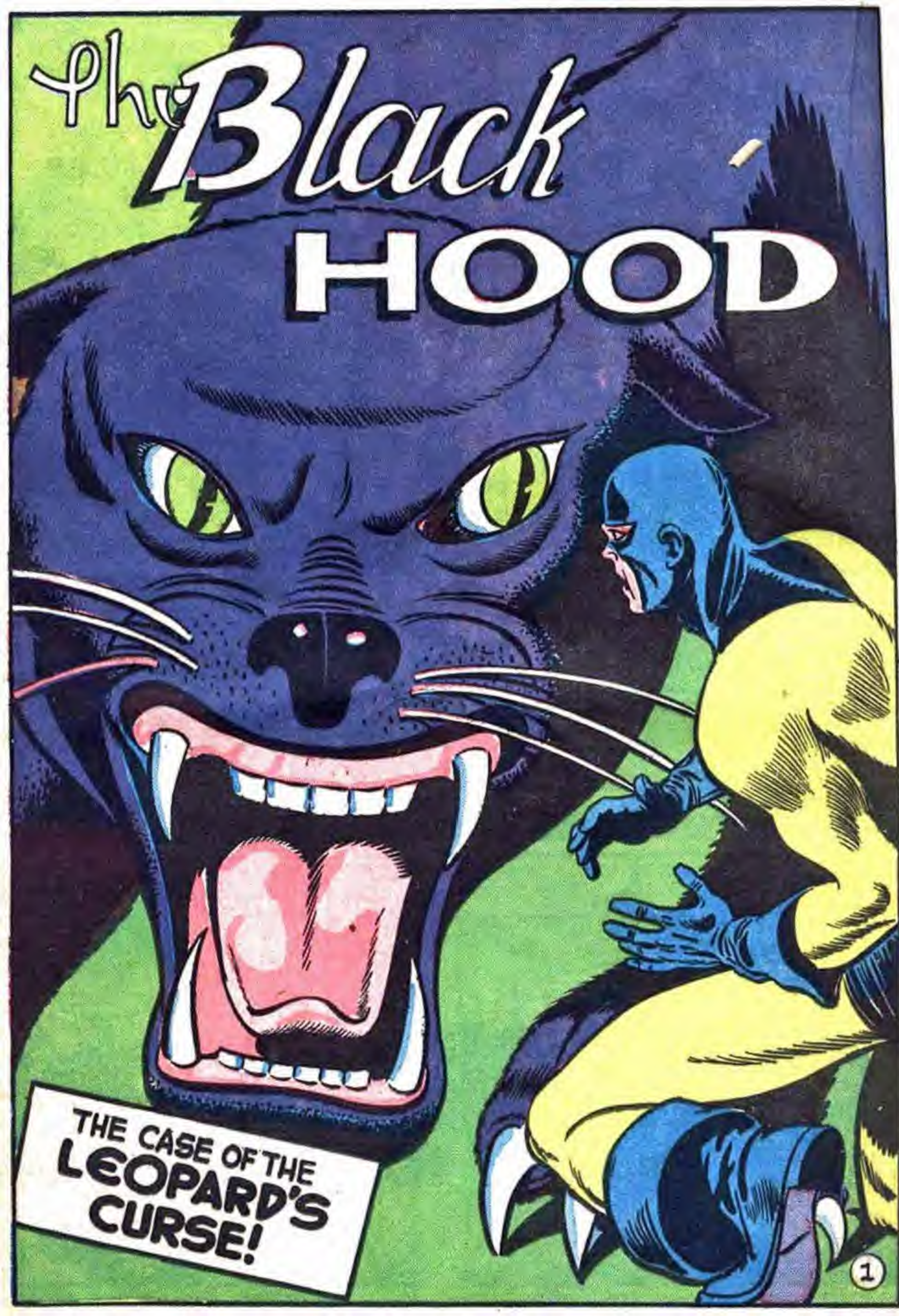








The **Black** **HOOD**



THE CASE OF THE
LEOPARD'S
CURSE!







IT ALMOST LOOKS AS THOUGH IT COULD COME TO LIFE AT THAT! BUT, OF COURSE, THAT'S NONSENSE!



JUST A SILLY LEGEND!
IT COULDN'T---
WHA--?



NO, NO! I MUST BE GOING MAD!
THE LEOPARD IS
GROWING!



IT'S-IT'S COMING
AT ME!



**HELP!
AIEE!**



**ARRAGH!
AH-H-H!**

GOOD LAND!
KANE'S IN
TROUBLE!



IT'S SO DARK IN HERE, I CAN'T SEE A THING?
WHAT'S THAT? SOMEONE'S MOVING
AROUND IN HERE!



GOT YOU AND DON'T
TRY TO GET
AWAY!

EEE!!
LET ME
GO!

CRASH!!

WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON----

BABS!



YOU BRUTE!
YOU STRUCK ME!

WELL, HOW THE SAM HILL DID
I KNOW IT WAS YOU? YOU
SAID YOU WERE GOING
BACK TO THE NEWS-
PAPER OFFICE!

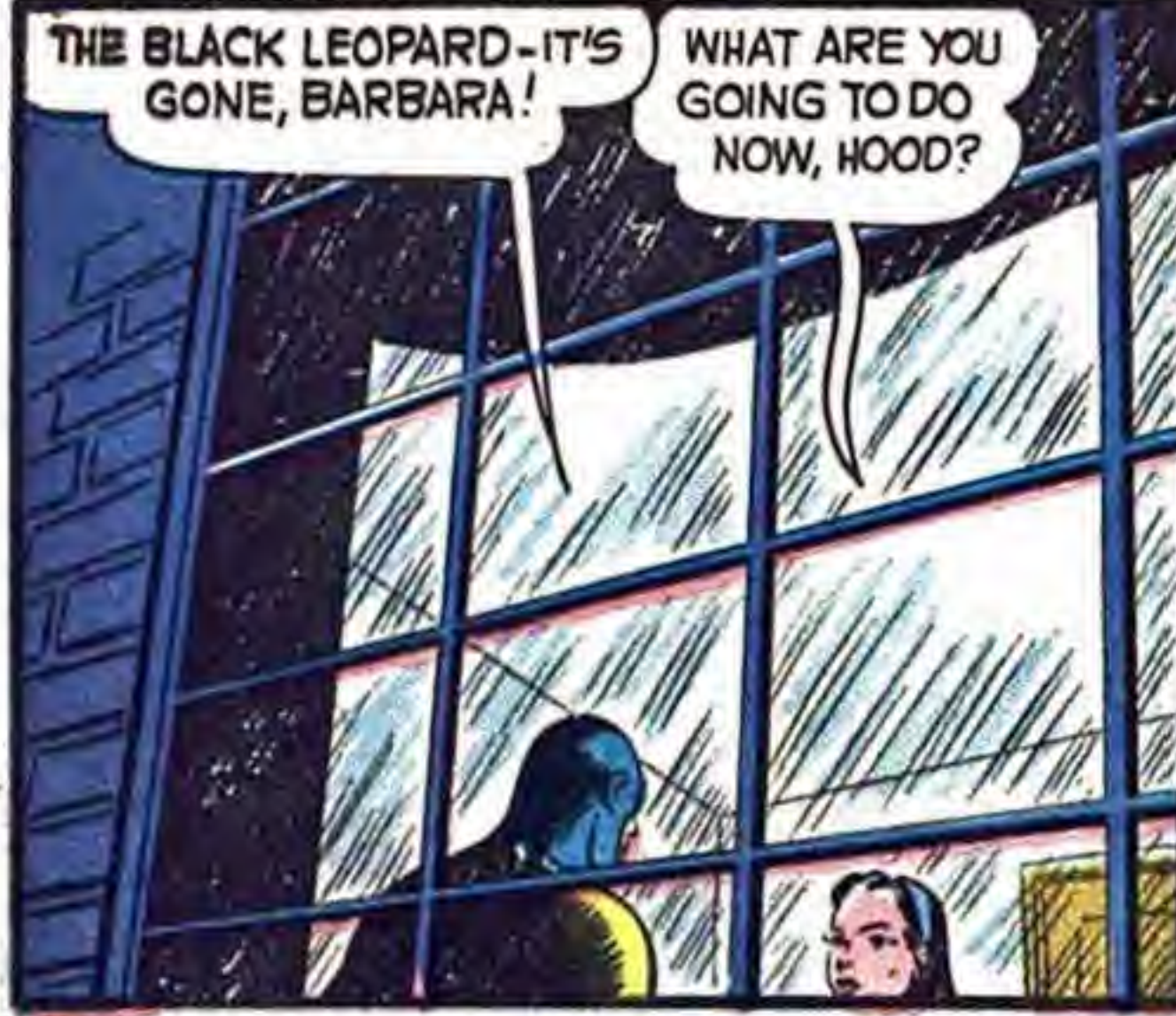


YES AND YOU SAID YOU
WERE GOING--EEK!
WHAT'S THAT?



RIPPED TO PIECES, JUST LIKE FAUST!
AS THOUGH HE'D BEEN CLAWED BY-BY A
LEOPARD!





THE BLACK LEOPARD-IT'S GONE, BARBARA!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW, HOOD?



I DON'T KNOW-LOOKS LIKE A DEAD END!

JUST A MINUTE! WHAT'S THIS?



MONDAY

3
SEPT. 1945.

Call Prof
Jonathan
Hartley



HE'S THE NOTED EXPLORER AND ARCHEOLOGIST! I WONDER WHAT CONNECTION HE HAD WITH ALL THIS?



I'M GOING TO CALL ON HARTLEY! MEANWHILE, YOU CALL THE POLICE!



A WHILE LATER, AT PROF. HARTLEY'S HOUSE-----

WH-WHO ARE YOU?

THE BLACK HOOD, PROFESSOR! I WANT SOME INFORMATION FROM YOU!

KANE, THE CURIO COLLECTOR, WAS SUPPOSED TO CALL YOU, WHY?

I LEARNED THAT KANE HAD PURCHASED A VERY UNUSUAL ITEM FOR HIS COLLECTION-- A BLACK LEOPARD! I OFFERED TO BUY IT FROM HIM-- FOR HIS OWN GOOD! HE PROMISED TO STOP IN AND GIVE ME ANSWER, BUT HE NEVER DID!

UNFORTUNATELY, I HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH BRINGING THAT OMEN OF DEATH TO THIS COUNTRY! IT'S THE IDOL OF A WEIRD TRIBE LIVING IN DARKEST AFRICA-- THE LEOPARD MEN!! MY COLLEAGUE AND I WERE ON AN EXPEDITION, MANY YEARS AGO, IN A PLACE CALLED THE LEOPARD COUNTRY!

WE SOON FOUND WHY IT WAS SO-CALLED, WHEN WE FOUND ONE OF OUR SAFARI CLAWED TO DEATH!

NO QUESTION BUT IT WAS A LEOPARD! BUT WHERE ARE THE LEOPARD TRACKS?

OUR PORTERS REFUSED TO GO ANY FURTHER--- CLAIMING THE LAND WAS BEWITCHED! WE WERE FORCED TO GO ON ALONE!

IS CURSE OF BLACK LEOPARD! WE GO BACK!

NONSENSE!

SOMEWHAT LATER, I WAS STARTLED BY A SHOUT FROM CARSON!

GREAT GUNS, HARTLEY! LOOK---

WHAT CARSON AND I SAW, WAS A HUGE BLACK LEOPARD STATUE, GUARDED BY LIVE LEOPARDS.....
ALL BLACK!

INSIDE THE STATUE'S MOUTH WAS ANOTHER STATUE—A MINIATURE BLACK LEOPARD, WHOSE EYES GLITTERED LIKE A MILLION SMALL FIRES!



HARTLEY, THOSE EYES ARE **REAL EMERALDS!** WE MUST GET THEM!

NO, CARSON! WE CAME HERE AS SCIENTISTS—NOT THIEVES!



DON'T BE A FOOL, HARTLEY! IF YOU WON'T HELP, I'LL GET 'EM MYSELF!

CARSON—WAIT! THOSE LIVE LEOPARDS'LL TEAR YOU TO SHREDS!



WELL, YOU'VE GOT A GUN, HAVEN'T YOU? HOLD THEM OFF!

CARSON, PLEASE? LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



HARTLEY, LOOK OUT—THE LEOPARDS!

THERE ARE TOO MANY—
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!



WAIT, HARTLEY, THEY'VE STOPPED—THEY SEEM TO BE AFRAID OF THIS FIGURINE!



WE MADE GOOD OUR ESCAPE AND LATER WE WERE EXAMINING THE LEOPARD-WHEN SUDDENLY-----!



CARSON-LOOK! THE LEOPARD IS COMING TO LIFE! IT'S GROWING!

IN A FEW SECONDS, IT HAD GROWN TO A FULL-SIZED LEOPARD AND ATTACKED CARSON!! I FLED AS FAST AS I COULD!



I MADE MY ESCAPE, SOMEHOW, AND GOT BACK TO THE U.S.A.! I NEVER SAW THE "BLACK LEOPARD" AGAIN!-THEN-MR. KANE PHONED ME FOR A CONSULTATION, TO CONFIRM THE GENUINENESS OF THE STATUE! HE KNEW I HAD BEEN TO THE LEOPARD COUNTRY!



I CAN'T IMAGINE HOW HE EVER GOT POSSESSION OF THE 'BLACK LEOPARD'!

HMM! A STRANGE STORY-VERY STRANGE!



ACCIDENTALLY, THE HOOD'S FINGERS REST ON WHAT SEEMS TO BE A BOOK-END



HOOD! GET YOUR HAND OFF THAT ELEPHANT!

THE HOOD'S FINGER TOUCHES A HIDDEN SPRING----- THE ELEPHANT SNAPS OPEN-REVEALING~~

THE BLACK LEOPARD! SO YOU NEVER SAW IT AGAIN, EH?



THEN HOW DOES THIS COME TO BE IN YOUR POSSESSION? AND WHY WERE YOU HIDING IT?



ALL RIGHT, MY CURIOUS FRIEND! SINCE YOU INSIST ON KNOWING-I'LL TELL YOU! IT WAS I WHO KILLED CARSON AND STOLE THE LEOPARD!



I WANDERED IN THE JUNGLE FOR WEEKS, HOPELESSLY LOST! BY LUCK, I WAS PICKED UP BY A PASSING SAFARI, UNCONSCIOUS AND ALMOST DEAD! BUT, THE BLACK LEOPARD WAS GONE-FOR YEARS I SEARCHED FOR IT! THEN, A FEW DAYS AGO, I FOUND IT IN FAUST'S CURIO STORE!!



HE WOULDN'T SELL IT TO ME, BECAUSE HE'D ALREADY SOLD IT TO KANE! SO I WAS FORCED TO USE OTHER MEASURES-THE BLACK LEOPARD KILLED THEM BOTH, HOOD! JUST AS IT'S GOING TO KILL YOU, NOW!



-JUST THEN-

YOU'RE MAD, HARTLEY! UGH-THAT SMOKE!



THE LEOPARD'S ALIVE! IT'S COMING AT ME!



I FEEL DIZZY! MUSTN'T FAINT NOW! MUSTN'T!
-HAVE TO FIGHT LEOPARD!



STRAINING HIMSELF TO THE LAST OUNCE OF HIS SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH, THE BLUE HOOD FIGHTS OFF HIS DIZZINESS!



CAN'T RESIST ANY MORE - TOO WEAK
TO MOVE - TOO WEAK!



-JUST THEN-





ARE YOU ALL RIGHT,
BLACK HOOD?



Y-YES! WHAT HAP-
PENED? WHERE'S
THAT LEOPARD
YOU SHOT?

I DIDN'T SHOOT ANY
LEOPARD-I SHOT
HARTLEY!



YOU WERE FIGHTING WITH HARTLEY
THEN A PECULIAR SMOKE CAME
FROM THE LEOPARD'S MOUTH
THAT HAD A STRANGE
ODOR, ALMOST
NAUSEATING!



THEN, WHEN YOU WENT LIMP,
HARTLEY TOOK THIS METAL
CLAW AND WAS ABOUT
TO RIP YOU
WITH IT!

I SEE IT ALL
NOW!



THAT SMOKE WAS A DRUG THAT WEAKENS THE WILL!
-THEN IT WAS SIMPLE FOR HARTLEY TO HYPNOTIZE
HIS VICTIM INTO THINKING THE LEOPARD
CAME TO LIFE!



THAT'S THE SECRET OF THE CURSE OF THE
BLACK LEOPARD! WELL, IT'S CLAIMED ITS
LAST VICTIM-IT'S GOING INTO THE HANDS
OF SOMEBODY WHO SEES IT STAYS
OUT OF TROUBLE--

UNCLE
SAM!

IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG!

HO-HUM--SWELL DAY
TO SLEEP BY THE
FIRE ---



Burton

TROUBLE!
COME HERE!

UH-OH!

RUN DOWN TO THE
CORNER AND GET
MY NEWSPAPER!

YOU'LL BE
WARM AND COZY
IN YOUR NEW
SWEATER ---



BR-RR! IT'S COLD--
MIGHTA KNOWN IT
WAS TOO GOOD TO
BE TRUE!

AT THE STORE ---

HERE YOU ARE,
TROUBLE --







DOUBLE X MARKS THE SPOT

A BLACK HOOD STORY

“YOU’VE got to help me, Kip,” Charlie Drew said anxiously, as he and Kip Burland pushed past the swinging doors into Mike’s Beer Parlor. “That kid brother is letting himself in for a pack of trouble if he continues hanging around with the Swamplands Mob!” His red hair fell over his eyes, and he pushed it up with a nervous gesture.

“I’ll do what I can, Charlie,” answered Kip, “but he’s over twenty-one——”

Together Kip and Charlie crossed the smoke-filled room to a small table at which Harry Drew sat. He gazed up at them with glazed eyes. “Well, what do you want?”

Quietly Kip sat down, and motioned Charlie to leave.

“What’s the matter with you these days, Harry?” he asked. “Why don’t you lay off drink and running around with that Swamplands Mob? They’ll only lead you to trouble.”

“Listen, copper,” said Harry, “just ‘cause you’re a pal of my brother’s doesn’t give you the right to

stick your nose in my affairs. I’m going in for excitement in a big way—and I like it!”

“Just one more question,” said Kip. “Who is the leader of the mob? Tell me that.”

“I don’t know and I wouldn’t tell you if I did.” Harry got to his feet. He reached into his pocket, pulled out a roll of bills and nonchalantly tossed a twenty onto the table. “I leave big tips, you see. You ought to tell my brother that he’s missing out on a lot of fun.”

Harry strolled to the pay phone, dropped a nickel in the slot and shut the glass door. From where he stood, Kip could see the excitement mount in Harry’s eyes. In a moment, the young man dashed out of the booth, through the swinging doors, and into the street.

“This looks like a case for The Black Hood,” Kip murmured to himself, as he raced after Harry. In a flash he was seated in a cab, shouting to the driver to follow Harry’s car.

The two cars swerved

around corners and down long streets . . . directly toward the swamps at the edge of town. Finally, Harry’s car drew up. Harry disappeared in the shadows—and a moment later, edging through the darkness after him . . . was The Black Hood!

“He might have gone up one of a dozen doorways,” The Black Hood muttered. “I’ll try this one first.” As he started double time up the creaky stairs, a shot suddenly rang out. Then another. “Next door,” said The Black Hood grimly, turning on his heels.

In three seconds, he had gained the entrance to the warehouse. In a far corner, a safe had been rifled, the tin boxes jimmied open. Suddenly The Black Hood stopped! A pair of feet protruded from behind a chair!

It was Harry! A bullet-hole smudged his forehead with a dark-reddish stain. Blood was oozing over the floor. “Too late . . . much too late!”

The Hood continued to look around. A black silk mask lay on the floor. Then

a green piece of paper attracted his eye. He bent down; it was a twenty dollar bill, lying underneath Harry's bloody hand. With his finger, just before he died, Harry had smudged two crosses and the letters R-E-D over the face of it! Like a flash, a solution of the crime darted across The Black Hood's mind.

He rushed down the stairs, and nearly bumped into Harry brother, Charlie. Charlie stared, and his eyes filled with fear.

"The Black Hood!" he whispered. "What are you doing here?"

"I might ask you the same question," said The Hood.

"I was worried about my brother," said Charlie. "I followed him up here in a cab, but I'm not sure exactly where he went."

The Black Hood looked cold, deadly. "Your brother was murdered a few minutes ago," he said deliberately.

Charlie blanched. "The Swamplands Mob. They did it. They did it."

"No, Charlie," said The Black Hood. "You did it! I understand the symbol your brother left—R-E-D and the two crosses. They mean doublecross, Charlie—doublecross by a red-head. You, Charlie!"

Charlie snarled, and a gun leaped into his hand. His mild face showed bitter hate. "Sure I did it. The rat was helping me on a job without knowing I'm the head of the Swamplands Mob, and my mask fell off. He said that if I didn't give him a seventy-five percent cut on all future jobs he'd tell the cops about me . . . so I killed him." The gun spat fire. "You're the only guy who knows it—and now you're dead!"

The Black Hood had leaped to one side. "Not quite," he said. His hand moved with the speed of lightning, and cracked.

whiplike, against Charlie's wrist. The gun dropped to the floor. Charlie's yellow streak showed up now. His face contorted, and he turned on his heels and ran. Away from The Black Hood . . . directly toward the fetid swamps. The chase began.

One foot from the thick mud of the swamps . . . one half foot . . . one quarter foot. Charlie stopped. There was no going forward; and, with The Hood there, no going back.

Charlie lashed out with his fist. The Black Hood went under it . . . and then Charlie ran, blindly, recklessly. Suddenly, he staggered and fell headlong into the swamps. "Quick-sand!" he shrieked. "Help me!"

When the Black Hood came up it was too late. For a moment, only Charlie's hand showed—the hand which had wielded the death gun. Then it too was gone.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of BLACK HOOD COMICS published quarterly at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1, 1945
State of New York, County of New York: ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Louis H. Silberkleit, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of Black Hood Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, and if a daily paper, the circulation, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 337, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Louis H. Silberkleit, 241 Church St., New York 13, N. Y.; Editor, John L. Goldstein, 241 Church St., New York 13, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Harry Shorten, 241 Church St., New York 13, N. Y.; Business Manager, Harold Hammond, 241 Church St., N. Y. 13, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated, and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given. M.L.J. Magazines, 241 Church Street, New York 13, N. Y.; John L. Goldwater, 241 Church Street, New York 13, N. Y.; Louis H. Silberkleit, 241 Church Street, New York 13, N. Y.; Maurice Coyne, 241 Church Street, New York 13, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) LOUIS H. SILBERKLEIT, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of Sept., 1945.

1945

Maurice Coyne, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 10, 1946.)

Ph Black Hood

MAN
OF
MYSTERY



THE CASE OF THE
**SLEEPING
BANDIT..**

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SLEEPYTIME SAM, THE SURE CLUE OF HIS WHEREABOUTS IS A FAMILIAR SOUND EFFECT--



CONFOUND YOUR LAZY HIDE! SAM, WAKE UP! SAM!



YOU'RE FIRED!
DO YOU HEAR ME?
FIRED!!

HUH?



YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO FINISH THIS WINDOW DISPLAY THREE HOURS AGO! I WARNED YOU BEFORE! YOU'RE THROUGH AT CLOSING TIME!

WHEN IS THAT?



IN TWO HOURS!

SINCE I HAVEN'T GOT A JOB-I MIGHT AS WELL SLEEP TILL THEN-- G'NIGHT!



AT THE JEWELRY COUNTER--

OKAY, SISTER!!
THIS IS A
STICKUP--HAND OVER
EVERYTHING!!



'RED MIKE'
DONLIN!



FLASHING SECONDS LATER, KIP BURLAND BECOMES-----

THE BLACK HOOD!



I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO SHOW UP!

OW!



YOUR SPECIALTY OF ROBBING DEPARTMENT STORES IS WHAT TRAPPED YOU, RED MIKE!!



SOONER OR LATER, WE HAD TO MEET, LIKE THIS!

ARR-

PONK!



NEXT STOP IS THE CITY JAIL!



I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE, HOOD!

HEY!



NOW'S OUR CHANCE-
LET'S BEAT IT!



STASH THE JEWELS! THEY'LL BE SAFE
UNTIL WE COME
BACK FOR
'EM!

MEANWHILE, IF WE GET CAUGHT,
THERE WON'T BE NO EVIDENCE!



HUH? I'LL GET UP-YOU
DON'T HAFTA GET
ROUGH ABOUT IT!



OW, MY HEAD! OH, HEY, JOOLS!
I STRUCK IT RICH!



SOMEONE'S COMIN'--I'D
BETTER HIDE THESE
JOOLS!





YOU BET YOU WILL-IF YOU WANT TO SLEEP NIGHTS! HA, HA, THAT'S A GOOD ONE! AS FAR AS THE COPS KNOW, WE'LL ALL BE SLEEPING NIGHTS FROM NOW ON!



IMMEDIATELY AFTER--IN PRECINCT 71-----

WHAT'S THAT?



ROBBERY AT SWITHIN'S DEPARTMENT STORE! LET'S GO!

SOUNDS LIKE ONE OF "RED MIKE" DONLIN'S JOBS!?



MCGINTY, THAT CAR?

WHAT ABOUT IT?



"RED MIKE" DONLIN WAS AT THE WHEEL!!

FLEEING THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, EH? HE WON'T GET FAR!!



THERE'S THE GETAWAY CAR!!





BUT THAT MAN INSIDE IS "RED MIKE" DONLIN! WE SAW HIM DRIVING A CAR JUST A LITTLE WHILE AGO!

I'M AFRAID THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HE'S BEEN IN THERE, SLEEPING LIKE A BABY FOR HOURS!

HAH! I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED! YOU MADE A @**!!!# FOOL OUT OF YOURSELF!

I GUESS SO!

I'LL STICK AROUND, SERGEANT! YOU GO AHEAD TO SWITHIN'S!

THAT'S WHERE WE SHOULD HAVE GONE IN THE FIRST PLACE!

I DON'T LIKE THIS SET-UP! SO.O--IT'S TIME FOR THE BLACK HOOD!

LUCKY THE FELLOW WHO OWNS THIS PLACE IS SUCH A SOUND SLEEPER!!

WHA-? "RED MIKE" DONLIN'S ROOM IS EMPTY!

OKAY, HOOD! YOU'VE SEEN ENOUGH!

OH-H-H!

WE'VE FIGURED A PLEASANT FINISH FOR YOU, HOOD!
IT'S A SPECIAL TREAT FOR PATRONS WHO HAVE A
BAD CASE OF INSOMNIA! WE FILTER A LITTLE
NARCOTIC GAS INTO THE ROOM TO
HELP THEM SLEEP!



I GET IT! YOU'RE
INCREASING THE
DOSE FOR ME!

YOUR DOSE WILL BE FATAL, HOOD! YOU'LL
SLEEP YOURSELF TO DEATH! AND THE TIME
LOCK ON THIS DOOR WON'T OPEN
UNTIL YOU'RE A CORPSE!



STAY ON GUARD, SLEEPYTIME!
JUST IN CASE THE HOOD
TRIES ANY
TRICKS!

YAWN-LEAVE HIM
TO ME, MIKE!



"RED MIKE" MADE A SIMPLE
MISTAKE! HE TIED ME UP SO
I CAN'T MOVE-BUT HE BOUND
THE ROPES TO THIS CHAIR!



THE ROPES CAN'T BE BROKEN-
BUT THE CHAIR CAN!



HE WASN'T KIDDING ABOUT THE TIME LOCK!
I CAN'T-OPEN-THIS DOOR! AND I'M-
GETTING SLEEPY--
ALREADY!



THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT-
THE SAME WAY "RED
MIKE" USED!





I'VE
FOUND
IT!



SCANT SECONDS LATER-

REMEMBER
ME?

I-I MUST
BE SEEING
THINGS!



YOU'RE SEEING
STARS!

OOF!



NOW WE'LL PICK
UP YOUR FRIEND!

HE'S NO FRIEND OF MINE! WHY
DIDN'T HE WARN US YOU
ESCAPED?



HE COULDN'T-
HE-UH-FELL
ASLEEP!

YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME
TO SLEEP IT OFF! I'D SAY AT
LEAST TEN YEARS APIECE-IN
THE STATE PRISON! I HOPE
YOU DON'T HAVE
NIGHTMARES!



SO ENDS THE CASE OF THE
SLEEPING BANDIT-OR DOES IT?

ASLEEP ON THE JOB, EH, BUR-
LAND? THE BLACK HOOD MADE
A FOOL OUT OF YOU! IN ALL MY
TWENTY FIVE YEARS ON THE
FORCE, I---



WHERE HAVE I
HEARD THIS
BEFORE?

THAT'S ALL!

BOYS • GIRLS • MEN • WOMEN

PICK YOUR PRIZE



THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 40 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the \$4.00 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. **SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.**



Blue Bird COOKING SET



Will make you proud of your kitchen. Entire set given for selling only 40 pkts. seeds at 10c a packet.

One Pair Racing HOMER PIGEONS

It's fun to raise, train and handle Racing Homer Pigeons. One pair of mated birds given for selling 2 orders of seeds. Sent Ex. Collect.



Beautiful DINNER SET



This beautiful Set Given for selling only 1 order of Seeds. Sent Express Collect.

VIOLIN, BOW & INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN



Handsome finish, highly polished. **POSITIVELY NOT A TOY.** Seed no money. **GIVEN** for selling only 4 orders. MAIL THE COUPON TODAY. BE FIRST.

REGAL "VICTORY UKE"



Be first in your town to own this Red, White and Blue "Victory" Uke. Exactly as illustrated. Given and sent postpaid for selling only one 40 pkt. order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. each.

Plant A War Garden Again This Year

DRILL GUN



OH BOY! What a prize. Complete with ammunition and official "Manual of Arms". Start your own drill squad. All given as one Premium for selling only 1 order of seeds.

Everyone who plants a garden helps and helps greatly to solve the problem of the feeding of the many needy nations of the world.

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Sell only one order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. a packet and this splendid camera is yours. WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.



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SEND NO MONEY

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Lawrence County Seed Co., Station 387, Paradise, Pa.
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Name _____
Post Office _____
State _____
Street or R.F.D. _____ Box _____
Print your last name plainly below

Save 2 cents by filling in, pasting and mailing this Coupon on a 10 Post Card TODAY.

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YORK, PA.

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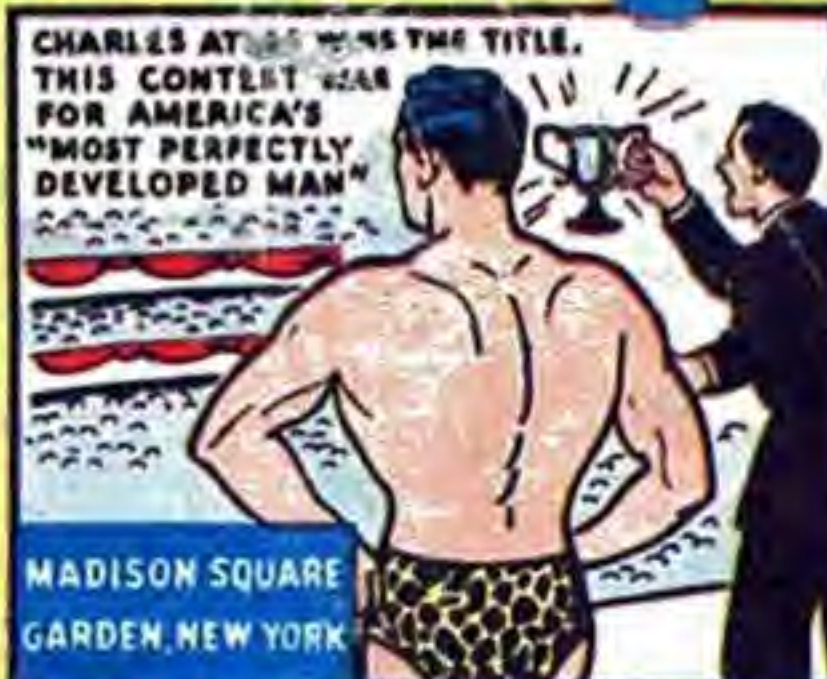
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